

THE ARTCUM



HEFFERNAN
1·9·2·3



FRESHMEN WELCOME

Welcome is a very stiff and formal sort of a greeting. We hope by now you understand the feeling of comradeship that exists among us.

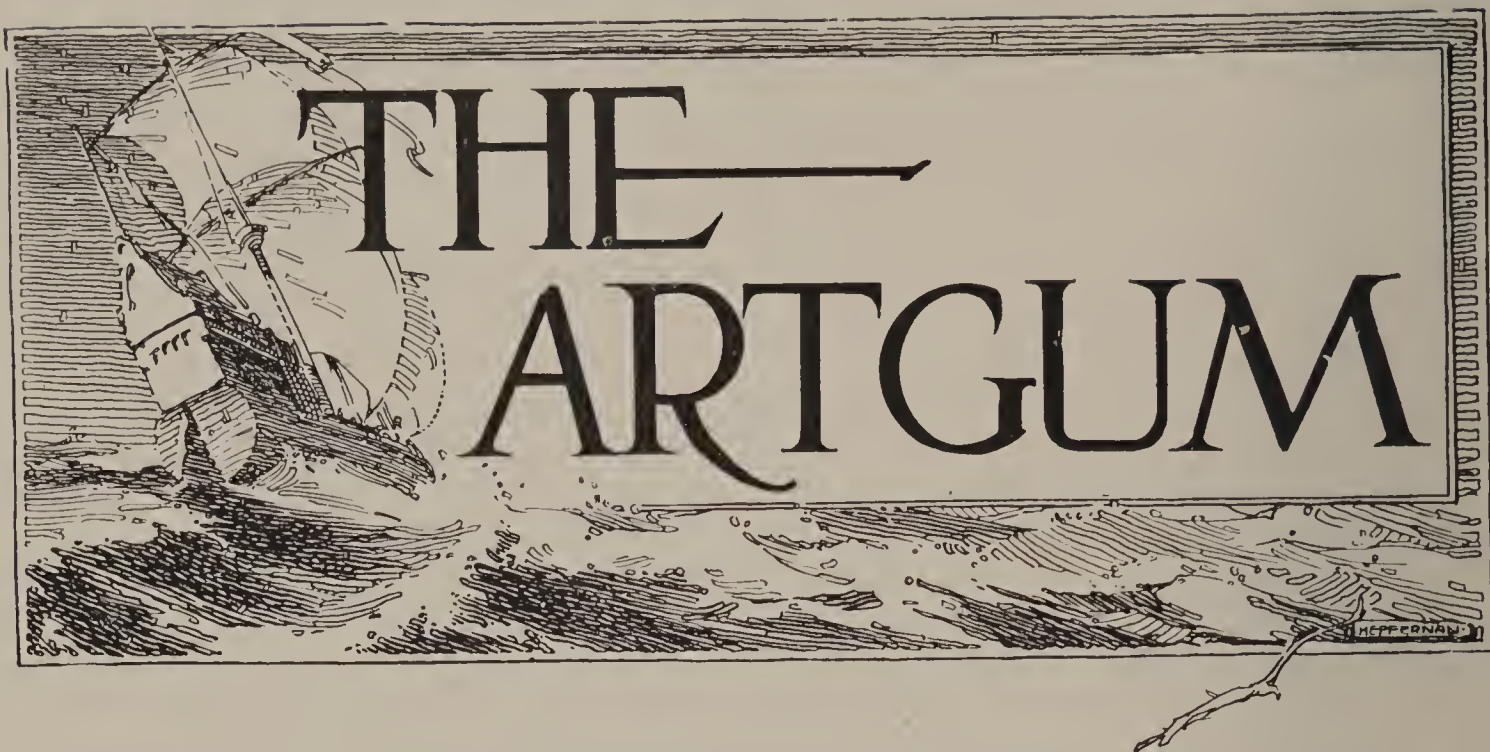
You will find that after the horrors of Smock Day are over and you have returned from convalescing you will appreciate to its fullest extent the joys of being "one of us."

We, the Seniors, welcome you with a great deal of ardor because we know the "trials" and "tribulations" of being a Freshman. We also know the JOYS of being a Freshman and we are sure when you wear black smocks you will feel as grave and serious as we feel when we realize that in a few short months we will have to part from our dear "pally" friends of M. N. A. S.

We, the Juniors, welcome you because—well, because it wasn't so long ago that we were Freshmen and the memories of that joyful year are still quite fresh. We discovered that the only way to enjoy life is to "mix in" and get the fullest benefit of every minute of every year.

We, the Sophomores, welcome you because—well, because we need some one to "play" with, to initiate into the ways of our school and to relieve ourselves of our long held-in desire to pay someone back for the way we were treated!

Last of all we all welcome you because we are glad to have you and we need you so we hope you will all join in and be happy with us!



VOL. II

Boston, Massachusetts, November, 1923

No. 1

OUT TO THE COAST

ARTHUR A. RAY

One of the things to do when you decide to take a trip to the Coast is to buy a ticket, a long green one, sometimes as much as two yards, but I don't remember buying one as long as that, tho of course you can get them much longer. But before you buy your ticket it is best to decide which way you want to go and this is not so easy unless it is a business trip and you want to get out and back as quickly as possible or perhaps you want to make the trip cost as little as you can, see just what you want to see, and be reasonably comfortable at the same time. These are matter of fact conditions, just plain business, and you can settle the whole thing, reservations and all, in less than an hour.

But when you have the whole summer before you and the whole of the United States, with Canada, Mexico, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the edges and enough money to keep you going and get you back besides the tickets, well! it is a glorious and joyous outlook to say the least! It is best for a trip like this to take quite a little time to think it over and read up about things worth seeing, listen to travel lec-

tures, study maps (particularly relief maps) and the history connected with the places if there is any. This is the anticipation part of the journey and you can make it last for several months with much pleasure, yes, real delight, 'because, in imagination, if you will let it go, you make a preliminary trip and you can be on the wide ocean with not a single ship in sight and speeding along in a quiet sea or any condition you like. What a journey one can take on just a map! You can get that even if you don't take the trip.

It is also very interesting and profitable to hear the personal experiences of some friend who has already taken the journey you intend to take and he gets the pleasure of renewing, in imagination, the things he actually did. These things may be intensely interesting, and when you think that perhaps you may have a chance to do the same things you make up your mind to see that place and get acquainted with certain people if you possibly can and if you show enough interest you may get a letter of introduction to his friends who may become your friends with all kinds of pleasant possibilities.

The November Artgum

Perhaps no part of the long journey is more enjoyable than right at the beginning. The period of waiting is over, and you are actually aboard the train at last, on time with a few minutes to spare. Your things are all in sight and you make sure that you have that precious ticket once more. But perhaps there is something you have forgotten after all. It may be the "Literary Digest" or the "Boston Transcript" or perhaps a half dozen oranges and you wonder if you had better try to get them or not. Of course you try and have a fine thrill getting back, because, well, suppose the gate had been closed, what then? But of course this wouldn't be so bad as falling off the gang plank getting aboard a ship if you were going that way—but why think of these things unless you have to when they really happen?

How quietly the train gets underway. No blowing of whistles or running to and fro or pulling the bell ropes or excitement of any kind. It is a very quiet beginning, very sedate indeed for the beginning of a journey you have planned and dreamed so much about and perhaps in which you may have the adventures of a lifetime. However, you reflect that things which begin quietly may end very lively and sometimes too lively.

Then to look around a bit—of course you notice that the train is a long one and the cars unusually heavy. The interior furnishings are much richer than in the day coaches and there are many more conveniences including an observation car. But there are objectionable restrictions that one has to put up with. You are not supposed to climb up on the roof where you could get a splendid view of all the country around at once and riding on the cowcatcher is absolutely prohibited though it is undoubtedly the best

place on the whole train when you want to see the country as you do on your first long trip. To be sure there would be quite a breeze on top and occasionally smoke and cinders but suppose a low bridge should happen along when you were not looking that way, then where would you be? But never mind, wait until you are out on the prairies where there are no bridges and then see what you can do.

Away up front on the cowcatcher it is much better because the front end of the engine actually pushes the air ahead and there is a fine place right in the middle where the wind doesn't blow at all. However, it is just as well not to experiment with these more fanciful modes of travel until you have tried out the ordinary methods and feel that you must have a change.

Perhaps by now you have become conscious of your neighbors and you wonder if they are going to be friendly and interesting and perhaps they are thinking the same things about you. It makes a world of difference to have pleasant companions at any time but on a long journey you appreciate them as never before.

We arrive at Albany thirty minutes late. One is always late at Albany. The train is made up again and we take on a diner and cars from New York and lose more time but it is no use to worry, perhaps we shall make it up. At last we get away. The porter makes up the beds while you are in the observation car and when you come back to retire it is dark and it is quite an adventure to find your berth because it would never do to make a mistake. It is best to stir up the porter and let him help you, particularly if you have an "upper." A "lower" is the best place but either one is a nice cosy place to

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**AN EXPERIENCE CALLED
SMOCK DAY**

Yes, what is Smock Day? What does it mean? What do we have to do on it? These are only a few of the many questions put to the upper classmen by all who enter the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores have all experienced this one day of the school year set aside for the initiation of the Freshman Class into our school. Until Smock Day came along, wasn't it awful? We felt like, "When a feller needs a friend." No wonder this is a day of great significance for the "greenie"—it enables him to stand up on his feet and say, "I am a member of the Freshman Class of the Massachusetts Normal Art School."

It has long been the custom for the Seniors on the eventful day, to start the exercises by donning his or her Freshman with a green smock. Didn't we feel proud of ourselves though, but conspicuous and utterly conscious of its color? However this was not going to interfere with its vast becomingness, and its true likeness to an artist. No, Mr. or Miss Freshman, don't laugh, I assure you it will have the same effect on you—there are no exceptions to the rule.

But let us stop for a moment and think of the serious side of this. There is a deeper and truer meaning felt by everyone. When we were youngsters we used to dream and hope we might some day wear a smock. Now we have entered upon the threshold of a new life. We are inspired and confident that we shall be successful—little realizing the trials and struggles that confront us. Indeed it is a new life work, and by wearing a smock you have pledged yourself to devote all the talents that you possess to your art. So like that picture of Maude Towsey Fangel's,

"The World is Mine."

Last, but not least, is the Smix-Smax-Smox. It is this important and judicious body that deals with all Freshmen, especially the unruly Freshmen. Last year the Class of 1925 originated the secret organization and this year the Sophomore Class of 1926 is carrying out the same principle under the same name in hopes that it may be adopted each year, and so standardize the body to control the wayward and reckless new comers. Let me hasten to explain that, without doubt, you all know the Sophomore Class each year initiates the incoming class. The programme is planned by the Smix-Smax-Smox, and, after a public punishment in the assembly hall of all the disrespectful freshmen, a very enjoyable programme is set forth. The entertainers are generally freshmen, although members of the Senior, Junior and even the Sophomore Class have been known to perform. Dancing usually follows at the close of the afternoon, and a day has been spent that a normal Normalite never forgets.

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sleep, that is, after you get ready. There is a light, in fact two, and you can read, or raise the curtain and see the country go sailing by in the moonlight which is very pleasant indeed. But what funny noises some people make when they sleep!

Twenty-five minutes to get across town to the Santa Fe Station when we reach Chicago. This is plenty of time but it seems best to take a taxi and not wait for the bus. And what a comfort to catch the train you have been so worried about. Nearly twenty minutes to spare! What luck!

To be continued with illustrations
next month

**TAKE IT FROM ONE WHO
KNOWS**

You may not realize until long afterward that really the first thing you learn upon arriving at the Commonwealth Art Colony of Boothbay Harbor, Maine, is that you never before fully appreciated a Ford touring car. The first thing you see upon that same first arrival is a water-tank! THERE, CAN you think of any two more artistic introductions to a real Art Colony than a "tin lizzie" and a water-tank?

The former is the taxi in which you ride up from the wharf. You would not ride if you knew what a short and delightful walk it is, but you do not know. Neither would you ride if you could foresee the ledges and pitfalls, the billows and the earthquakes which the Boothbay natives call "road." You cannot foresee, of course, so, with your eye ever on the smooth round sides of the container of the village water supply, and holding on for dear life, you ride—to the top of Mount Pisgah.

If you know your Bible (as you probably do not) you will remember that in Deuteronomy 34;1 it says, "Moses went up from the plains . . . to the top of Pisgah." It was from there that he was supposed to have viewed the Promised Land and there, also, he later died and, I suppose, "went up on high," though how he ever did it you'll never know. You will have to shift gears before you get half way up the Boothbay Mount Pisgah—to say nothing of going higher.

Although Mount Pisgah is so low that giving it that name is like "making a mountain out of a mole-hill" still there is a similarity between the Pisgah of the Bible and this namesake for there, from the community dining hall of the cosy central lodge you view the "promised land" of artists. Should it happen to be clearing after

a shower you may even see the imaginary pot of gold at the end of a very real rainbow, one end of which dips down into Linekin Bay, while the other loses itself in the purple distance of clean, scrubby spruces. Then you turn around and someone tells you that "those cupboards just off the main room were built, a number of years ago by Mr. Ray of M. N. A. S. (yes, really) and immediately you lose every vestige of homesickness. You find that you and those shelves have a lot in common.

For landscape studies, in any medium, this country is superb. Artists flock to Gloucester and Rockport for the charmingly grouped dories, the old fishing shacks, for flash of surf and flock of sea-gull, for sea-weed patterns, and for COLOR, Boothbay and "the islands" have them all and, in addition, they have woods—oh, such gloriously rich woods, beginning right down at the high tide water mark and never ending—woods full of sunny glades and dark tangles, exquisite with long, grey-green moss and companionable with little wood sounds, scampering red squirrels and stately blue herons.

A palette and an easel are your passports everywhere. Boothbay welcomes the Art Colonists. You may go anywhere and meet a new surprise each day. If you attend any of the socials don't ask your artist partner of the moment where he is studying for like as not it will turn out to be Lucius Hitchcock, the well known illustrator (it did once!) Again, if you happen to be painting near an inconspicuous white house and suggest that the man in the front yard give you a criticism, don't argue about it with him for it may be Edward W. Redfield, who paints a picture in two hours and sells it to a Museum for two thousand.

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**ON JELLY BEANS AND
MOLASSES PUFFS**

1.

Once upon a day, quite dreary,
While I stumbled, weak and weary,
To the Guild on exhibition tour,
Suddenly I caught a glitter,
On the walk, a bean-shaped glitter—
'Twas a Jelly Bean and nothing more.
Relic of our Normal Artists,
Purchased at the corner store,
Only that and nothing more.

2.

And of course I recollected,
Of the ones we had expected—
Pink, and green and red quite deathly
Eagerly devoured now—
By us all—in all our classes;
Just some Jelly Beans, most welcome
Yet, with whom we did work faster,
And our work quite failed to bore—
Could we but have just one Bean
more!

3.

Into Life Class, like a fever,
Crisp white bags, all full o' Beans—
Into Antique, causing chaos;
Oil Painters bought them too.
All went well until our teachers
Refused offers of our store,
Confiscated them (and ate them
In the secret of their sanctum),
Warning us to: "nevermore!"

4.

'Lasses Puffs in yellow papers,
Goocy, crumbly, luscious morsels,
Changed hands constantly in Room 6
(Under cover of the tables,
Safe from Someone's Eagle Eye!)
Crumbs upon the floor, and visage,
Voices ever begging softly:
"Oh, I only had a small one—
Give me, please, just one bite more!"

5.

In the clay bins, scraps o' yellow
Papers gracing all smock pockets,
Sticky hands and empty purses—
Happy groups in every studio;
Jelly Beans are one good reason,

'Lasses Puffs the other—for
'Tis a fad. (tho' soon 'twill perish,
Giving way to other relish—)
Let it live just one day more!
A. D. I. '25.

CLASS OF 1924

Seniors at last! The only drawback to our being Seniors is the fact that we are supposed to be dignified! However, we might express our individuality by not being quite as dignified as the usual Senior.

We are all back strong. Even our much engaged members are back to finish with the best of us. Dot has been seriously considering changing to the Interior Decorating course so that Carl may be surrounded by all the beauty that he craves. Personally we think Dot quite enough.

Ray Ewing has indulged in matrimony. We understand he is married to an illustrator of children's stories. We certainly would never have known from Ray's attitude; he has acted so fearfully natural! Just like Ray but you can't fool us!

At our first class meeting we elected officers for the coming year. Walter Bennett was unanimously re-elected President; Marcia Hosford, Vice-President; Warren Buckley, Treasurer; Cornelia Hoff, Secretary.

We are glad to have Evelyn Svedeman back with us. She missed out on her own class but she claims she likes us better! We like you, too, Evelyn!

Dick is back with new enthusiasm. We notice that he is re-cultivating his upper lip.

Lost, strayed or stolen ONE mustache. Finder please return to Warren Buckley, Senior Fine Arts Division.

This is your school paper—Give it your co-operation.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief, FRED. A. RUSSELL
Associate Editor, ROSALIND WINSLOW Literary Editor, ANN D. IDE
Business, KRIS MAGNUSSON
Art Editor, J. F. HEFFERNAN Publicity, E. E. HALL

CLASS EDITORS

Senior	Junior	Sophomore
MARCIA HOSFORD	EMMA OSGOOD	MARION CLARK

CO-OPERATION

HAVE YOU A MESSAGE?

In all my school experience there is something that stands out on the horizon of my memory and still is more than a memory, it is a reality. Everyone comes in contact with it time and time again and we find ourselves always trying to fight it. For those who do not appreciate its importance this article is written.

To introduce my point I will quote a few paragraphs from Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia."

"When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his co-operation and quickly.

"Some one said to the president, 'There is a fellow named Rowan who will find Garcia for you if anybody can—'

"How he took the letter, and traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, 'Where is he at?' By the Eternal, there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the

statues placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—'Carry a message to Garcia.'"

Do you realize, fellow classmates, that there are still Garcias? Have you ever tried to analyze your reason for doing things you are told to do? Do you give slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work? Can it be that by thus complying with your instructor's assignments you will somehow or other strike a job (a mere job) when you get out of this school? Perhaps you think you will make easy money by continuing to turn out half-hearted work.

Or are you the one who realizes that, "When put to a test, an ounce of Loyalty is worth a pound of Cleverness" and feel that now it is your duty to your school to give it your best, and that when outside it is your duty to your country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, and to keep yourself in readiness, physically, morally and mentally to fight for it, because it is your country and let any other creed than the American's "go to grass."

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CLASS OF 1924
SENIOR RECEPTION

The Senior reception to the Freshmen was held on October 19. From all appearances "a good time was had by all."

We hope the Freshmen have survived after their first experience of "going down" the receiving line. We noticed that there wasn't any lack of enthusiasm, however, when Cecelia Hawley suggested a game. Even the most dignified present thoroughly enjoyed, "Lemon, lemon, lemon!" The game was broken up by dancing. There were two novelty dances in which only Seniors and Freshmen participated. The first was a T square "cut in" dance. The second, a "lucky" dance. Rohn Campion happened to be the lucky boy. He received a small prize. Did you notice that he had it on the following Monday? Some of the Freshmen class are good sports all right! The girls' prize was won by Miss Murray, also of the Freshman class.

The rest of the classes joined in for the remainder of the dances, also for refreshments! All in all it was quite a success, but then why shouldn't it have been? Cecelia was chairman!

We Seniors have had first chance to judge the Freshmen and we think they are "some class." We are with you every time Freshmen! Now we pass you on to the Juniors for inspection.

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No organization can exist without the co-operation of all its members and you are a member of your student association. This is your school your class, your association and you are expected to shoulder your share of the responsibility. The person who cannot be depended upon to carry thru his job is the person who lacks the guts to play the game, to make

good later on when the stakes are so much larger. Be a man, or be a woman!

HEARD IN DESIGN CLASS

R—"Did you go to the Follies?"

M—"Yes."

R—"There was one act on the programme they didn't play."

M—"Which one,"

R—"Intermission."

Junior—"I feel like doing something big and clean."

Senior—"All right, go wash an elephant."

Gather ye kisses while ye may,

Time brings only sorrow;

For the flappers who flap so free
today

Are the chaperones of tomorrow.

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In the fall when visiting the museums you may come upon some Boothbay landscape with a name in the corner of the canvas that commands respect in every brush stroke. You will try to be casual when you remark to your companion, "I've done that very scene." But you will not feel casual any more than if you had come upon a picture of your own back yard—for you know every inch of it by heart.

The center of all the artistic activity is the Colony, bounded by the "Chalet," for French students, by the Commonwealth Music School and "the barn." There is nothing "Bohemian" about the atmosphere, but there is plenty of clean congenial camp life with spiders that go to bed when you do (your bed) and fogs to test your sense of humor and with sunsets and moonlights on the water to flood you with awe and inspiration.

Rosalind Winslow, '25.

CLASS OF 1925

Inspired by the splendid work done by last year's officers, the new Junior officers are going to do their best to make this an A-1 year. It is up to every Junior to back them up to the "nth" degree.

The officers for the coming year are Ruth Bachelder, President. Emma Osgood, Vice-President, Virginia Car-ten, Secretary, and Lee Court, Treasurer. It looks as if the Junior Class was a strong believer in woman's suffrage, but why not be up to date?

The Drawing and Painting Division considers itself lucky in having an outdoor painting class with Mr. Sharman. Most of the painting so far has been done at the Sargent Estate.

Do you know where a diamond ring really shows up at its best? Ask Marion Kendrick. She knows.

Chester Douglas has been doing a lot of work outside of school this year. He has been painting scenery for a stock company in Everett.

Kris Magnusson spent the summer in New Hampshire. He was very much pleased and impressed by the beauty of our New England mountains.

A new musical genius has been discovered in the Junior Class. I'm sure you have all heard of Monsieur Wilson and his harmonica. His best selection is "Barney Google" with "Yes, We Have No Bananas" as an encore number.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

Pep! That's the thing that runs everything nowadays. Join the Athletic Club and keep yourself trim and alert. You all know that the human body is like a machine, and if you don't use it, it soon becomes useless. Mr. Major will tell you that there is nothing like exercise to keep one healthy. The dues are small and we

can find something for everyone. A gym class will be held on Wednesday afternoons under the supervision of a Y. W. C. A. instructor. For particulars about this class go to Ruth Bachelder. There will also be swimming, tennis, and basketball. Ruth Fitzgerald has charge of the tennis, and Emma Osgood the basketball. The officers of the club are Charlotte Botham, President, Irene Kearn, Secretary, and Erma Whitman, Treasurer.

CRAFTS CLUB

The Crafts Club held its first meeting of the year on the afternoon of September 26 in Miss Whittier's room. Miss Ruth Johnston called the meeting to order. After a short discussion, it was decided that the club would hold its meetings on Monday afternoons at 3.45. All other important business was postponed. The next meeting was held on October 15, and the following officers were elected: Ruth Johnston, President, Ann Ide, Vice-President, Hope Jordan, Secretary, Nina Creed, Treasurer. The first subject the club will take up is basketry. More members are desired, so all who are interested are urged to join.

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling that comes to the poor co-ed who's been pulling the line that she's a Senior all evening when she discovers towards the end that she's been talking to the young man who sat beside her at the last Freshman Class meeting?—Tech Voo-Doo.

He talks like a book—his
Admirers all say;
What a pity he doesn't
Shut up that way.

CLASS OF 1926

We are glad to see all of our old members back again and welcome the new into the best class in M.N.A.S.

However, we are minus one—Alice Wood. She was married on September 16th and is now on her honeymoon motoring to California. Even though she is very happy Alice writes us she misses her old acquaintances of school life, and maybe we don't miss her!

We have had two meetings, and the class officers for this year were elected. The results are as follows:

Fred Robinson, President; Elizabeth Ashton, Vice-President; Charles Austin, Treasurer; Kenneth Morang, Secretary.

The second meeting was held to start plans for Smock Day. A committee of seven was chosen with Samuel Alley as chairman. During our meetings with representatives of the faculty, suggestions were offered concerning the "bringing up" of our Freshies.

ASSEMBLY NOTES

A good place to show your school spirit is at the school assemblies. Come and help with the singing. The assemblies this year have been exceptionally interesting because of the splendid talks Mr. Farnum has prepared on "Beauty."

Beauty. A pleasant sounding word, and simple of form, but did you ever think just how much that little word means to us. This desire to search out the beautiful is universal, and as art students we should learn to appreciate beauty in the biggest way. What is beauty? Do you know any of the definitions of beauty that have been given to the world by cultured men? Do you know what will hinder us in appreciating beauty? Come to the assemblies and find out!

SCHOOL DANCE ORCHESTRA

Robinson's Teddy-Bears are back again, after having a very successful summer playing in Kennebunkport, Maine, at the Old Fort Inn, and the Play House. Besides playing in the evening, the boys enjoyed swimming, boating and fishing. They eagerly grasped the opportunities to visit the studios of Abbot Graves and Norton, the flower painter. It is rumored that a few of the ambitious members arose during the small hours to paint the glorious sunrise.

The Warren Paper Company of Boston, while holding a national convention at the hotel in September, was honored by Robinson's Teddy-Bears.

Charles Austin and Elmer Hall visited the orchestra for a week.

The members of the orchestra were as follows: Fred Robinson, Piano; Walter Bennett, Violin; Kenneth Morang, Saxophone; Maurice Friedman, Cornet; Bob Woodworth (of Mass. Aggie) Banjo; Arthur Liddell, Drums.

GLEE CLUB NEWS

The first meeting of the Glee Club this year was held in the Assembly Hall on September 24, with an attendance of about 25 old and would-be members. Elections were held, and the officers elected are as follows: Helen Blackman, President; Blanche Hart, Treasurer; Kenneth Morang, Secretary.

Following the elections, there was a short business discussion.

The second meeting was held October 4, with a special request that the cast of "The China Shop" (an operetta given last year) be present. Richard Ellinger was chosen director with the power to select his assistant and pianist, Rae Esner.

We are all looking forward to a very successful year.

**OUR ALUMNI
DO YOU KNOW THEM?**

Griswold Tyng—Illustrating and high class Commercial Art.

R. Burnham has had a lot of press notice with regard to his recent work on stained glass window designs.

Theodore Dillaway—Supervisor of Art in Boston, has been busy painting fine landscapes in the Middlesex Fells and Maine shore.

Otis Philbrick is noted for his paintings of children. One of these was "invited" from the Chicago Art Institute to the John Herron Art Institute exhibition.

Harold Dunbar has had a very successful season at Chatham, Mass.

Leslie P. Thompson at the Art Museum school is represented at the new galleries in the Grand Central Station, New York City.

Burtis Baker is teaching and painting in Washington, D. C.

C. Edward Newell, supervisor of drawing at Springfield, Mass., has given a number of lectures on artistic subjects recently and has been elected President of the Springfield Art Alliance.

"Bill" Broderick, supervisor at one time at Haverhill, has become prominent in athletics and is Athletic Coach at Salem.

Harley Perkins is art writer for the Boston Transcript.

"Sam" Brown is at the Fenway Studios doing advertising design. He has done considerable work for the Hathaway Bread people.

C. H. Richert is represented at most of the prominent exhibitions and has had a water-color invited for the Art Institute of Chicago exhibition which was later sent on a rotary exhibition.

Aldro Hibbard, the noted show painter, has conducted very successful classes at his Rockport studio.

Philbrick, Richert and Dunbar are members of the Boston Water Color

Society and graduates of M. N. A. S. They are always well represented by a group of water-colors at the annual exhibition of the Boston Art Club.

William Hazelton, former president of the M. N. A. S. Alumni, spent the summer painting in Brittany and other parts of France.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The Student Association which has existed before, has now re-organized for 1923-24. It is planned to be a very successful year.

It is our aim to work with every organization in the school and to greatly add to the success of every affair.

Everyone is expected to pay their five dollars for a membership fee. A great many have already done this.

The prize design for the membership card was won by Cornelia Huff of the Senior Class.

We want everyone to feel that he is a part of the Association and is free to offer suggestions that will benefit the student body in general at any time.

Let us all get together and make it a year to look back upon as one full of many, many happy times.

First Lady—"My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now which would you have?"

Second Lady—"Well, as far as that goes any of those French cars are good."

Miss Betty Buffum, '21, has been recently married to Mr. Charles Seaver and is now living in Brooklyn, N. Y.



CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

November is a busy month for the Art Galleries, and surely we should take advantage of the wealth of exhibitions, beginning perhaps with the one at the Art Club (around the corner on Dartmouth Street) which opens today. The artist is Mr. Charles Connick, noted craftsman in stained glass, and his collection consists of many examples of actual stained glass, lumiere autochrome photographs of his larger windows, sketches and cartoons. The illustration here shows one of the windows now on exhibition. It is a beautiful thing vibrating with color and bristling with design. It is one of four small lancets, each containing figures of the saints with their appropriate symbols and coats of arms. In this lancet the lower figure represents St. Ursula of Cologne, A. D. 451, who is famous for her cruise and pilgrimage with the eleven thousand virgins, all of whom were massacred by the Huns. She is shown holding on one hand the arrow which transfixed her. Arrows also appear in her coat of arms. Three of the eleven thousand virgins are protected within her mantle. A ship symbolizes the cruise of the virgins, and the white dove appears which showed the location of the saints' tomb to the archbishop in the basilica of the Holy Virgins.

The other figure represents St. Genevieve, Patroness of Paris, A. D. 512, and is rich in symbolism. A popular story tells how the saint was conducting the Virgins to church one stormy night when her candle was



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blown out, the darkness terrifying the Virgins. The light, however, was miraculously rekindled and they proceeded to the church. Genevieve is here shown holding the candle which an angel is rekindling and a little red devil, who put out the light, is scurrying off at one side. She carries a key at her girdle as patroness of Paris, and the shield of Paris in her hand. Two charming little children encircled by her robe symbolize her charity, and a sheep reminds one of the fact that as a girl she was a shepherdess.

Throughout these windows the symbolism of color plays a most important part, and the figures and symbols are drawn in a most charming and naive manner, with a simple freshness which makes them most striking and memorable.

An attempt has been made to make the exhibiting light as like unto sunlight as possible, and one can revel in the clear rich color which is the supreme beauty in stained glass. The artist seems to have his message for YOU in every bit of design, for though he gives color in unsurpassed brilliance, design and honest workmanship are there too, to charm and be appreciated.

Ah yes, we are indeed fortunate to be able to see such a collection at one time, I shall go to the gallery quite often. Most unexpectedly one seems to discover something new and more vital in every list. You try it too, and you will have an enviable background of inspiration for your new work; just wait and see.

Then there are the last few days of Bashka Paeff's exhibition at the Guild, which closes November 10. You really ought to see it (if you haven't heretofore.) Miss Paeff's work is widely known and equally appreciated by the critics. Would that the gods had given us that fire of ambition which makes her one of the rising

young sculptors of the day. November 12 is the much heralded color exhibition by Mr. Gaugengigl. 'Tis only there for a fortnight; so, students, take that afternoon you are saving and enjoy some truly wonderful creations. Richard Rerchia, another sculptor of note, follows, November 26, lasting into December. His work is always worth while and full of feeling. See if you do not find it so.

At Doll & Richards, on Clarendon Street, November is a busy time too! Do not fail, in the few days left till the 10th, to look in on the marvelous collection offered by Charles R. Patterson of painting of Ships and the Sea.

Remember the time the composition classes have getting atmosphere for their ship scenes, and you will find this a worth-while showing! More than that though, this is truly an opportunity to gain inspiration from the canvases of an understanding artist. November 7th there are to be some of Theodore Coe's landscapes,—and surely the Junior outdoor painting class can benefit and be enthused over these. The 14th the exhibition of John W. Winkler's etchings will be opened! Remember that! Etchings done by him always please. Later in the month, the 21st, to be exact, two artists will present their work. The one, Margaret L. Bush-Brown, will offer a colorful array of pastel portraits; and the other, Sears Gallagher, has a wealth of beauty in his water colors.

Yes—November is a busy month in the galleries! Let us make the best of these golden opportunities to see and understand the work of leading artists of the day.

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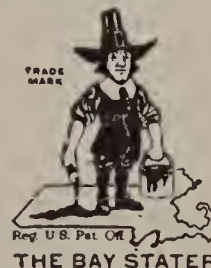
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